

Exclusive: Ann Marsters' Story of Jean Harlow's Life JEAN HARLOW DEATH BARES BETROTHAL

Life Story Shows How Happiness Eluded Star



JEAN HARLOW
Behind this sunny smile, did Jean Harlow conceal a premonition of her untimely end? Read the following article by Ann Marsters, Boston Evening American-Sunday Advertiser feature writer, shown here chatting with Miss Harlow.

Herewith is the first installment of the "The Tragic Life Story of Jean Harlow" by Ann Marsters, who has just returned from Hollywood and who was the last writer to obtain a newspaper interview from the young star, who died so suddenly yesterday. This interview, in which Clark Gable and Miss Harlow discussed each other's career, was printed in the Boston Sunday Advertiser last Sunday and is today being reprinted throughout the country as Jean Harlow's last authorized interview.

In her life story of the beautiful actress, Miss Marsters traces the haunting unhappiness that followed Miss Harlow even while the world judged her life to be one of glamorous success.

By ANN MARSTERS
CHAPTER I

(Copyright, 1937, by the Boston Evening American)

I talked with Jean Harlow three weeks ago in her dressing room at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, Culver City, California.

It was on the set of "Saratoga," a gay comedy of the race track she was making with Clark Gable.

I watched her working in a scene with Gable—a

Continued on Page 4, Column 3

BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN

NEW ENGLAND'S GREATEST EVENING NEWSPAPER

The only Boston evening newspaper with three direct news services.—Associated Press, International News Service and Universal Service.

VOL. XXXIV—NO. 67 Copyright, 1937, by N. E. Newspaper Publishing Co. TUESDAY, JUNE 8, 1937 PRICE 2 CENTS

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
REDS											
BEES											

BATTERIES—GRISSON AND V. DAVIS; FETTE AND LOPEZ.

Fette B's Hurler

COULDER, ALOE, PUTNAM HOLD UP FOR MARIAGE

JEAN HARLOW WAS TO WED BILL POWELL

(Full page of Harlow pictures on Page 5)

Hollywood, June 8 (US)—With the death of beautiful Jean Harlow, it was revealed today that within a short time she was to have become the bride of William Powell, who would have been her fourth husband.

The famous actor was at the bedside of the actress when she died. He held her hand tightly and gazed tenderly into her eyes at the moment of death.

Overcome with grief as he was led away from the deathbed, Powell cried again and again: "Oh, God! Why did this have to happen? I loved her, I loved her!"

ESTATE NEAR \$1,000,000

Miss Harlow is reported to have left an estate of approximately \$1,000,000, mainly in insurance policies and annuities. She had been earning \$4000 a week for the past several years.

Slayer of Model Believed Caught

New York, June 8 (INS)—Police of Amsterdam, N. Y., today flashed word that they believe they have Robert Irwin, fugitive sculptor wanted for the triple Easter murder of Mrs. Mary Gedeon, her artist model daughter, Ronnie, and Frank Byrnes, in custody.

Detective Thomas Tunney left immediately for the upstate city, accompanied by a witness who knows Irwin.

Chief of Police Cline of Amsterdam telephoned Police Commissioner Valentine that his men arrested a fugitive who answers Irwin's description in every particular.

The measurements of Irwin, one-time divinity student at St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y., were broadcast throughout the nation on "wanted for murder" handbills several days after the triple crime.

The Gedeons and Byrnes, their boarder, a British harridan, were slaughtered with a sharp instrument Easter Sunday at the Gedeon apartment here.

Amsterdam detectives reported by telephone that the prisoner identifies himself as Homer Welch of Omaha, Neb., "but his likeness to Irwin is startling, especially the profile."

16,500 BOYS IN ANNUAL PARADE

To the stirring tunes of 44 musical units, 16,500 Boston school cadets marched in their annual parade today through streets lined with proud parents and admiring schoolgirls.

The well-drilled boys in olive drab, stepping along with true alignment to thrilling martial music, drew rounds of applause from the crowds and gave the judges a difficult task to pick the best units.

A slice of the bands from the intermediate schools were white uniforms, while the high schools carried the drab hues of the rifle-carrying cadets.

Boys from 14 high schools and 32 intermediate schools marched in the parade, forming 23 regiments. There were 20 bands and 24 bugles, 150 and drum corps.

Bride, 20, Kidnaped in Taxi

Escapes by Ruse,
Suspect Seized

Screaming for help, a 20-year-old Cambridge bride fled from a man in a taxicab near Brighton and Tremont streets today and found refuge in the arms of two police men.

After she gasped out a story of having been taken from her husband's side by a stranger early this morning, and carried in a taxi to Revere, the officers gave chase to the man in the cab and captured him.

The young wife is Mrs. Claire Farr of Chauncy street, Cambridge, and the arrested youth said he was Julian Libby, 22, of Wilson park, Brighton. Charged with assault, he was held in \$500 for a hearing June 15.

WOMAN FAILS TO TRACK MANIAC

Sutton, June 8—After a two-hour search in a driving rainstorm for her 31-year-old daughter, Mrs. Julia Putnam came out of the woods today and told the anxiously-waiting officers bluntly: "I couldn't find him."

The young wife is Mrs. Claire Farr of Chauncy street, Cambridge, and the arrested youth said he was Julian Libby, 22, of Wilson park, Brighton. Charged with assault, he was held in \$500 for a hearing June 15.

Disregarding the warnings of the state police, Mrs. Putnam plunged into the woods in the rear of her farmhouse this afternoon to find her son, Homer Robinson, who has wilted with exposure for 36 hours in his wooded haven.

His parting words were: "If you hear a shot fired into the woods at once, I'm not back home, come in and look for both of us."

Taxi-Kidnap Couple Guilty, Sentenced

Jack and Rheta Benson of Detroit, husband and wife, changed their minds in federal court today and pleaded guilty to the fantastic kidnapping of Robert Robinson, Lawrence taxi driver, early last July.

Judge Hugh D. McLaughlin imposed penitentiary sentences confining the husband for 10 years and the wife for a year and a day.

Mrs. Benson, young and pretty, held her husband's hand and wept during the proceedings. Benson, a story-teller.

The route was from Clarendon street and Columbus avenue, through Clarendon and Stuart streets and Columbus avenue to Park square, along Boylston street to Tremont street, in Park street, Beacon street, Arlington street, Marlboro street, Dartmouth street and Cooper square, a distance of two miles and a quarter.

Along Boylston, Tremont and Clarendon streets, the parade was led by the 16,500 boys in olive drab, stepping along with true alignment to thrilling martial music, drew rounds of applause from the crowds and gave the judges a difficult task to pick the best units.

A slice of the bands from the intermediate schools were white uniforms, while the high schools carried the drab hues of the rifle-carrying cadets.

TELLS OF ATTACK

"My husband and I were in a downtown restaurant from 7 to 8 p.m. last night," said Mrs. Farr, later, at her home.

"When we came out as called along Boylston street in Washington, and there was a man who was very drunk at the corner. He started to heckle us."

"The crowd seemed my husband in one direction and me in the other and at that moment a man grabbed my arm and forced me into a taxicab."

"I pretended but he told the driver to drive to Revere. I protested all the way there. When we got there he took me out and into a club where there were a lot of sinister characters and I was very much frightened."

BULLETIN

Sutton, June 8—After a two-hour search in a driving rainstorm for her 31-year-old daughter, Mrs. Julia Putnam came out of the woods today and told the anxiously-waiting officers bluntly: "I couldn't find him."

The young wife is Mrs. Claire Farr of Chauncy street, Cambridge, and the arrested youth said he was Julian Libby, 22, of Wilson park, Brighton. Charged with assault, he was held in \$500 for a hearing June 15.

Disregarding the warnings of the state police, Mrs. Putnam plunged into the woods in the rear of her farmhouse this afternoon to find her son, Homer Robinson, who has wilted with exposure for 36 hours in his wooded haven.

His parting words were: "If you hear a shot fired into the woods at once, I'm not back home, come in and look for both of us."

SUFFOLK RESULTS

First—Suffolk—Don Manuel 116 (Luther) 5.40, 4.20, 4.20; Jirasol 117 (Napier) 10.80, 6.80; Fleming Torch 101 (Leishman) 13.20. Off 2:29. Also ran: Paques, Yankee Skipper, Spurlin, Holdout, Miss Trophy, Balkanese, Bob's Check, My Date, Primer.

SECOND RACE—Purse \$1000; Claiming: Three-year-olds and up. Six furlongs.

Continued on Page 4, Column 3

Pola Negri III, Rushed to Hospital

Berlin, June 8 (AP)—Pola Negri, the actress, was reported tonight to have suddenly been stricken ill at Bayreuth and rushed to a Berlin hospital.

Partly overcast and moderately warm tonight and Wednesday; occasionally threatening but probably without real danger to moderate variable winds.

THE WEATHER

Partly overcast and moderately warm tonight and Wednesday; occasionally threatening but probably without real danger to moderate variable winds.

Partly overcast and moderately warm tonight and Wednesday; occasionally threatening but probably without real danger to moderate variable winds.

NEW TOWN Parking Peril

William Powers of Paul street, Watertown, parked his automobile in Fennell court today. Being a careful man, he locked the doors. A short time later he found the doors still locked but the steering wheel removed. Powers' car was left in the lot at all night; could the police.

Partly overcast and moderately warm tonight and Wednesday; occasionally threatening but probably without real danger to moderate variable winds.

AT AGAWAM PARK

First—Agawam—Happy Host 115 (Dillido) 12.20, 7.20, 5.20; Pipers Tune 103 (Dickey) 39.00, 14.60; Divided Kick 103 (Adelman) 5.80. Off 2:31. Also ran: Octave, Elsie J, Allene, Sophia C, Shebang, Foxo, Moonburn.

NEW TOWN Parking Peril

William Powers of Paul street, Watertown, parked his automobile in Fennell court today. Being a careful man, he locked the doors. A short time later he found the doors still locked but the steering wheel removed. Powers' car was left in the lot at all night; could the police.

NEW TOWN Parking Peril

William Powers of Paul street, Watertown, parked his automobile in Fennell court today. Being a careful man, he locked the doors. A short time later he found the doors still locked but the steering wheel removed. Powers' car was left in the lot at all night; could the police.

NEW TOWN Parking Peril

William Powers of Paul street, Watertown, parked his automobile in Fennell court today. Being a careful man, he locked the doors. A short time later he found the doors still locked but the steering wheel removed. Powers' car was left in the lot at all night; could the police.

W
I
L
D
F
I
L
M
S
A
V
A
I
L
A
B
L
E
I
N
T
H
E
A
T
H
R
E
A
T
E
N
I
N
G
T
O
D
A
Y
S
A
V
A
I
L
A
B
L
E
I
N
T
H
E
A
T
H
R
E
A
T
E
N
I
N
G
T
O
D
A
Y

'Nobody Cares,' But Sherwins Still See Life From Portless Snetind

By FRANK C. McLEAN

At long last—in borrow a phrase—diplomatic relations have been resumed between the portless schooner Snetind and the Boston harbor police.

As a result the police boat Watchman is going to take young Billy Sherwin ashore for a while today and Billy is going to rock out on fresh food and maybe a new dress or two for his mother.

Furthermore, Lieutenant Lawrence Dunn assured the embattled Mrs. Anne Winsor-Sherwin that the Watchman would be ready to give her a lift any time she needed one.

"Only don't make a habit of it," he continued. "You know we don't run a water taxi."

"I won't," was the quick reply. "But let me thank you, young man. You're the first to come out here since the ship was blown on these flats a year ago. I might have died last winter for all anyone cared."

Mrs. Winsor-Sherwin, in case you've forgotten, has been waging a struggle for years to keep her home on the old unseaworthy four-masted schooner. Her troubles were again when the ship was tied up in Maine, later at Boston dock.

BLOWN ONTO SHOALS
When the ship was finally towed out and anchored near Spectacle Island, it nearly foundered during a storm. Then it was blown onto the shoals. There it stayed. Lieutenant Dunn and the Watchman paid a visit to the Snetind, on a report that all was not well with its crew—Mrs. Winsor-Sherwin and Billy.

As he drew alongside the heavily-lashed ship, there wasn't a sign of life, but a few feet of the police whistle brought two heads bobbing over the rails. Amphibians was the mother. Aster, the son.

"What do YOU want?" Mrs. Winsor-Sherwin shouted.

"We're coming up," replied Dunn.

"You are NOT?"

"Bill Jones, Boston Evening American photographer who was on the Watchman, thought, 'he'd take a hand."

"You, too, Mrs. Winsor-Sherwin," he called, "you remember me—James?"

"You, too, yourself," snapped Mrs. Winsor-Sherwin. "I remember you all right, but out."

"But can't we do something for you?" Lieutenant Dunn cried in. "Are you all right?"

"What do you care?" was the retort. "Nobody cares. Police don't care. The Coast Guard don't care. James doesn't care, either. He just wants another picture."

There were a few more interchanges like that, but Mrs. Winsor-Sherwin's good-humor finally got the best of her when, upon request:

"Have you a bathing suit, Mrs. Winsor-Sherwin?"

"Why? I wanted to know."

"We like to get a picture of you in it."

"Well, I haven't got a bathing suit, young man. I might let you have a picture if I had a new



PICTURE PROVES ALL IS WELL ABOARD OLD SCHOONER

A few toots of the whistle aboard the Boston police boat Watchman and the head of Mrs. Anne Winsor-Sherwin bobbed up over the rail of the portless schooner Snetind in the harbor today. Mrs. Winsor-Sherwin, in case you've forgotten, lives aboard the Snetind and for years has been waging a struggle to keep her home on the old and unseaworthy four-masted schooner. Reason for Mrs. Winsor-Sherwin looking over the rail was an unexpected visit by Lieutenant Lawrence Dunn, head of the harbor police. Lieutenant Dunn made the visit on a report that all was not well with Mrs. Winsor-Sherwin and her son, Billy. P. S. The report was wrong.

dress, but there'll be no more rag-doll art."

Mrs. Winsor-Sherwin said that what had made her pretty peeved with the world was the fact that she couldn't get off her boat for shopping.

FLAG AT HALF-MAST
"The only time I was ever able to get anyone out here was last year," she explained. "I was sick and I hoisted the flag upside down as a distress signal, but the harbor caught halfway."

"Somebody saw the flag at half-staff and they thought I was dead, so they all piled out."

The lieutenant played a strategic card the time, volunteering to help out on the shopping and food trip to reinforce the ladder.

Billy was all for going ashore then and there, but his mother wouldn't permit it.

"You wait," she ordered. "You are and shave yourself first."

English Church Divorce Law Change Demanded
Birmingham, June 8 (AP)—A

rift in the Church of England was seen today in the demand by the outspoken Bishop of Birmingham for a reform of the divorce laws which caused the church's opposition to the marriage of Edward of Windsor and twice-divorced Wallis Warfield.

The bishop's address to the diocesan conference, of which he is president, brought into the open again the issue which led the Anglican Church to refuse to bless the marriage June 3 of abdicated Edward VIII.

"The church authorities have not recognized the religious ceremony performed by the Rev. R. Adenon Jardine, 'poor man's pastor'."

"I am not so perfect that I can condemn others," the bishop told the conference in issuing his challenge.

"If those who have remarried after divorce sang God's help in holy communion I could not bring myself to refuse them."

Cripple and Woman Rescued From Fire
Hartford, Ct., June 8 (INS)—A disabled cripple and a woman were rescued by police today when fire of undetermined origin swept a four-story brick building in the South End. Twelve families had. Damage reached several thousand dollars.

Whaler Upsets, 4 Drown
Bismarck, Germany, June 8 (AP)—Four men were drowned and 12 were missing today when a whaling ship, out on a trial cruise, capsized in the Weser river estuary.

JORDAN MARSH COMPANY
Keep fresh as a daisy all Summer with

Latour
Eau de Cologne deodorant

\$1.00

A unique mild deodorant
A refreshing body stimulant
A delicate but lasting scent
A rub down after the bath

Mail or phone orders filled. Call HUBBARD 2700 until 10 p. m.

JORDAN MARSH COMPANY
Sponge Away Dirt and Grease With—

Old English Upholstery Cleaner

1 1/2-Gal. Can and Sponge \$1.10

1-Gal. Upholstery Cleaner \$1.50

It's so easy to sponge the dirt and grease from furniture and upholstery with this Old English "Foam" cleaner and sponge that even a child can do it. Economical to use. No odor. Add safe to any water—fast, foamy, no stain.

MAIL OR PHONE ORDERS FILLED—CALL HUBBARD 2700 UNTIL 10 P. M.

Tomorrow's Eclipse Ends Today

Shadow Crosses Pacific Dateline

Pasadena, Cal., June 8 (INS)—Western America prepared today to watch from the beaches the greatest solar eclipse in 1200 years, with only the fish of the tropical South Seas in the grandstand seats.

The eclipse is scheduled to start June 9 and end June 8. And don't let anybody tell you that is impossible.

For the path of the moon's shadow first strikes earth northeast of Australia in the southern hemisphere, the other side of the line that divides the days, where the calendar will say June 9.

As the Giant shadow races northeastward into the northern hemisphere, it passes the "international dateline" and when it ends in Peru it will officially be sundown on Tuesday, June 8.

On the Pacific coast the eclipse will be seen as a partial obscuration of the midday sun by the blackened moon.

It will be observable from about 12:15 until 1:45.

In Los Angeles, the schedule is:

12:15 P. M.—Start of the eclipse.

1 P. M.—Eclipse at its height.

1:45 P. M.—End of eclipse.

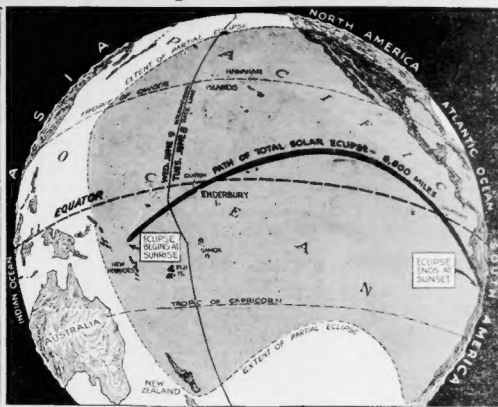
The time will vary but slightly at other coast points.

If the day is clear, a few of thousands will watch the phenomenon through telescopes and with the naked eyes through smoked glasses or deeply developed photograph film.

Only those who can be seen without hurting the eyes.

In the South Sea area and in Peru, big camps of scientists will be set up to see the eclipse.

The longest eclipse in 12 centuries. Unfortunately, the Hayden Planetarium for the central eclipse along its 8,600-mile path lies over deep water.



Tell your friends that the greatest solar eclipse in 1200 years starts tomorrow and ends today. Then stick to your story—no matter how skeptical they may be—for that's correct. So we show you diagram of eclipse which gets going east of Australia, in the southern hemisphere, the other side of the line that divides the days where the calendar will say June 9.

At the latter, Professor Charles A. Smyth of Brown University will use the fastest eclipse telescope.

The corona also will be photographed from an airplane 10,000 feet over the Andes, by Captain

John H. Starnes, Pan American Airways, who is in Peru.

At the latter, Professor Charles A. Smyth of Brown University will use the fastest eclipse telescope.

The corona also will be photographed from an airplane 10,000 feet over the Andes, by Captain

John H. Starnes, Pan American Airways, who is in Peru.

OUR FIFTH ANNUAL

JORDAN MARSH COMPANY

Summertime Specials

Begin Wednesday at 9:30

300,000 22-page circulars were distributed to Greater Boston homes today. If you did not get your copy, ask for one in the store tomorrow. The Main Store, Annex Store for Men and Basement Store all offer remarkable Summertime Specials. For the Home, for Children, for Men, for Women... Just a few listed here:

Regularly 59c and 88c Sunny Stripe Rayon Undies 39c
KNIT ENDIES—FOURTH FLOOR—MAIN STORE

Regular \$7.50 Avona Corsets and Girdles \$5.00
FOURTH FLOOR—MAIN STORE

Regular \$3.98 Summer Negligees, Sizes 16 to 44 \$2.98
FOURTH FLOOR—MAIN STORE

Boys' Reg. \$1.00 Slide-Front Polo Shirts 79c
THIRD FLOOR—STORE FOR MEN

Junior Boys' Reg. \$1.50 Bathing Suits, Sizes 6 to 12 \$1.19
THIRD FLOOR—STORE FOR MEN

Girls' Reg. \$2.25 Cotton Frocks, Sizes 7 to 16 \$1.85
THIRD FLOOR—MAIN STORE

Girls' Reg. \$2.25 Bathing Suits, Sizes 10 to 16 \$1.85
THIRD FLOOR—MAIN STORE

Tots' Reg. \$1.15 Wash and Play Suits, Sizes 3 to 6 89c
THIRD FLOOR—MAIN STORE

Ruffled, Figured, Marquisette Curtains 89c
EIGHTH FLOOR—ANNEX

1860 Women's Reg. \$5 to \$7.50 Summer Hats \$3.45
DELIVERY—THIRD FLOOR—MAIN STORE

Usually \$3.00 Pure Dye, Pure Silk Slips \$1.69
LINGERIE SHOP—FOURTH FLOOR—MAIN STORE

MAIL OR PHONE ORDERS FILLED—CALL HUBBARD 2700 UNTIL 10 P. M.

THOMPSON'S SPA
TODAY!
Sandwiches
Egg Salad and
Chopped Ham with
Crispy Green Salad
and Olivettes
40c
One of 17 Daily Summer
Specials—at all
Thompson's Spa Locations
THOMPSON'S SPA

THOMPSON'S SPA • THOMPSON'S SPA
GOOD NEWS FOR SUMMER
EVERY COUNTER A SALAD BAR
Add this to your already pleasant anticipation of summer. Thompson's Spa has introduced you for the warm months with a very special menu—new in concept, new in form. It includes dozens of good Salads and Combination Plates—just the sort of dishes you'll be wanting. All summer long every Thompson's Spa counter will be a Salad Bar—19¢ in addition. You'll find all the traditional and favorite dishes that have distinguished Thompson's Spa for so long. Make it a summer date, then, for luncheon at Thompson's Spa—on weekdays, too, when your family is away—for meals that keep you feeling fit when the mercury misbehaves.
TEMPERATURE TIP Don't forget that the new Club Grill at 238 Washington Street is fully air conditioned—a refreshing as an East Wind from down the bay.
THOMPSON'S SPA
133 Washington Street • 13 South Street • 131 Summer Street
9 West Street • 44 Temple Place • 124 Tremont Street
THOMPSON'S SPA • THOMPSON'S SPA

JORDAN MARSH COMPANY
Keep fresh as a daisy all Summer with
Latour
Eau de Cologne deodorant
\$1.00
A unique mild deodorant
A refreshing body stimulant
A delicate but lasting scent
A rub down after the bath
Mail or phone orders filled. Call HUBBARD 2700 until 10 p. m.
JORDAN MARSH COMPANY
Sponge Away Dirt and Grease With—
Old English Upholstery Cleaner
1 1/2-Gal. Can and Sponge \$1.10
1-Gal. Upholstery Cleaner \$1.50
It's so easy to sponge the dirt and grease from furniture and upholstery with this Old English "Foam" cleaner and sponge that even a child can do it. Economical to use. No odor. Add safe to any water—fast, foamy, no stain.
THIRD FLOOR—ANNEX
Mail or Phone Orders—Call HUBBARD 2700 Until 10 P. M.

DEGREES AWARDED 53 AT TECH

EIGHT GIRLS
IN GRADUATE GROUP

SENIOR BALL TONIGHT

Dedicated to the task of solving the social problems of the industrial world, 505 young men and eight young women were awarded degrees in science and engineering from Massachusetts Institute of Technology today.

Before a distinguished gathering of political, military and industrial leaders, the 505 graduating class marched down the aisles of Symphony Hall to receive their diplomas from Dr. Karl T. Compton, president of Tech.

Special invited guests included Governor Hurley, Mayors Mansfield of Boston and Lynch of Cambridge, Mayor-General Fox Conner, commander of the First Corps, U. S. Army area, members of Technology's Corporation, and all members of the faculty.

800 AT EXERCISES
More than 800 parents and friends thronged the auditorium. The engineer must solve the problems of labor and capital that now harass industry, the graduates were told by Gen. Duhr, noted engineer, who delivered the commencement address.

The engineer now finds himself in a pivotal position in industry, intermediate between capital and labor, Duhr declared. "With the problems of both he deals intimately, and is in a position to understand, interpret and judge."

"It is too much to hope that with an enlightened method of approach and the habit of factual investigation, which are the intellectual birthrights of the engineer, his increasing participation in management may bring to a solution some of the social problems of industry?"

Twenty-nine graduates completing the five-year course, received both bachelor's and master's degrees. Among 352 advanced degrees awarded were 25 doctors of philosophy, 13 doctors of science, and 15 masters of science.

A total of 242 bachelor's degrees were awarded, and four certificates in public health.

Among those receiving the master of science were nine civil engineers, five graduates of the United States Naval Academy.

AWARD FELLOWSHIPS
Three teaching fellowships, and

13 other graduate research fellowships were awarded. Teaching fellowships went to Walter E. Brennan, Jr., Ballmore M.D., in electrical engineering; Bruce Scott Old, Brooklyn, N. Y., metallurgy; and Burt Alderman, Holmdel, architecture.

For high scholastic attainment, the following students were granted fellowships to pursue graduate work:

Joseph Kaminsky, Boston, chemistry; Tsang Jui-San, Hangchow, China, electrical engineering; Walter Lee Hughes, Jr., Foxboro, chemistry; James William Libby, Jr., Swampscott, chemistry; William B. Clair, McLeanham, Brainerd, Minn., chemistry; Thomas Henry McConica, Flindley, O., chemical engineering; Ernest Osborne Ochoa, New York, N. Y., chemical engineering; Thomas Clayton Spencer, Boulder, Colo., mathematical.

SPECIAL PRIZES
In addition, special prizes were awarded to the following:

Architectural prizes—Lawrence George Cyr, Lawrence, Gordon Stephenson, Liverpool, England; Arthur Richard Williams, Normal, Ill.; Gilbert Earl Hoffman, New Castle, Pa.; Harriet Atteridge Kemp, Kewanna, Ill.; Donaldson Ray Mullin, Newton, and John Albert Valla, Lynn.

Chemical engineering, David Ful-

ton, Cohasset; naval architecture, Norval Nereus Birdwell, Dedham; James Means prize, Arnoldo Franco Gomas, Cambridge; Roth prize, Charles Alexander Blount, Boulder, Colo.; special Roth prize, John Thomas Murphy, Kansas City, Mo., and school medal, Walter Andrew Wachter, Cincinnati.

ANNOUNCES GIFTS
Gifts totalling \$235,000 have been received by M. I. T. during the past year, Dr. Compton told more than 800 graduates and guests at the Tech Alumni dinner last night at the Statler.

He also announced plans for construction of a new building to house the School of Architecture, which should be completed by July 1, 1938. This structure, to extend along Massachusetts avenue, will be approximately one and one-half times the size of the George Eastman laboratory building.

"Our next objective should be an increase in funds available for scholarships and fellowships," President Compton stated. "It is important that students of extreme promise be afforded the best technological training, should not be deprived of the opportunity to secure the best training."

Senior week activities for Tech's 1937 class will come to an end with the Statler senior ball tonight at the Statler, after a reception by the faculty and the graduates at their Charles River read home this afternoon.

Boston College

Class Day's exercises featuring the various student organizations and traditional ceremonies to be followed by a spread and dance in the evening will be celebrated by the members of the graduating class of Boston College today at University Heights.

Joseph R. McCurdy of Medford, president of the class in freshman year and general chairman of Class Day, will act as master of ceremonies. Assisting him are John F. Goughlin and Edmund J. Cavan of Lowell as chairmen of the dance, which will take the form of a Mardi Gras festival.

The graduates participating in the exercises are James T. Dunn of Methuen, lower orator; Michael E. Mooney of Dorchester, treasurer; Charles A. Iarrobino, class wit; William H. Sullivan, Jr., class prophecy; George A. McDonough, class history; Frederick P. Cennedy, class song; James F. Droney, class editor; Joseph A. Walsh, class athletic recorder; and Stanley J. Driscoll, class gift.

Richard M. Kelly of Jamaica Plain, president of the class of 1937, will deliver the studeat oration after which John P. Gately, Jr., president of the class of 1936, will make the speech of acceptance.

A new stage, a miniature of the Tower building, the first of the Boston College group, will be the scene of the ceremonies.

Boston University

Two events were scheduled on today's calendar for seniors at Boston University, the all-university midnight sail on the S. S. Steel Pier from Long Wharf at 9 p. m., and the College of Music tea at 4 p. m. at the College Club on Commonwealth avenue.

Dean and Mrs. John P. Marshall and Registrar and Mrs. Albert C. Sherman, Jr., are sponsors. With Mrs. Raymond Haven as hostess, Seniors of the College of Practical Arts will hold their all-day picnic Wednesday at Revere, directed by Barbara Iria, Brockton; Eleanor Murray, Worcester; and Ruth Buchanan, Melrose.

Northeastern University

Offering students an opportunity to get regular college training and at the same time earn their way through school, Northeastern University on Huntington street, Back Bay, will continue its plan of co-operative education as it starts its 6th year in September.

Pioneered at Northeastern, the co-operative plan allows students to go to school 10 weeks, then work 10 weeks, and in in force in three day colleges—Liberal Arts, Engineering and Business Administration colleges.

During the past academic year, approximately 653 students earned \$25,000, with jobs supplied by 300 firms in New England, New York and New Jersey, and thus were able to pay all college expenses.

In addition to the three day colleges, Northeastern has two evening schools, School of Law and School of Business.

Portia Law School

Judge Jeremiah E. O'Connell, presiding justice of the superior court of Rhode Island, will address 36 girls graduates when degrees are conferred tomorrow at Portia Law School.

Commencement exercises start at 10 a. m.

Tech Prizes Awarded

Harry Edin, of Needhamville, was announced as winner of first prize offered by the Technology chapter of Sigma Xi, national honorary scientific society, for best thesis submitted by candidates for bachelor of science degrees at Commencement today.

Edin submitted his thesis on electro-chemical engineering. Other prize winners were Edmund C. Powell, Billerica, and Richard B. Wende, Taunton, naval architecture department; Bernard Ross, M. V. Vernon, N. Y., biology and public health; and Gustave A. Kelly, Jr., Boston, chemical engineering.

Other Colleges

Judge Robert Grant of Boston will address the 1937 graduating class of Westworth Institute tomorrow at 10:30 a. m., when degrees are conferred on more than 100.

Ruth Weiss of Winthrop will give the valedictory speaking on "Shall We Preserve Democracy?" Helene Maxwell Waterman, valedictorian, will speak on "Justice for Juveniles."

Thayer Academy

Dr. Karl T. Compton, president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, will address more than 100 seniors of Thayer Academy, Braintree, Friday night at commencement exercises.

Diplomas from the junior college will be distributed by Martin J. Emerson, Braintree, president of the board of trustees. The commencement will be preceded by an alumni dinner at 8 p. m. and an alumni dance will follow in Frothingham Hall.

Jackson College

President and Mrs. John A. Cosens of Tufts College will be hosts to seniors of Jackson College, sister school of Tufts, at the annual Jackson senior dinner tomorrow night.

Marguerite McKay, Bar Harbor, Me., class president, will extend the welcome, with Geraldine Stott, Bath, Me., as toastmistress.

Faculty speakers will include Dean Edith L. Bush, Professor George S. Miller and Harold E. Sweet, president of the board of trustees.

R. I. Man Felled

Carmines Adams, of Johnston, R. I., was knocked unconscious by a bolt of lightning while working in his garden.

CREDIT HIM WITH HEALTHY NERVES

MARSHALL WAYNE, High-Diving Champion and Olympic Winner, Gives His View on Smoking

"HEALTHY nerves are a diver's mainstay," says Marshall. "Mine are healthy and I try to keep them healthy. I never hesitate to enjoy a Camel whenever and wherever I want. For mildness, tastiness, and downright pleasure, Camels are 'way out in front.' Camels are made from cozier tobaccos."

CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES!

THE POST BOX ON YOUR CORNER marks a trail around the world

ADDRESS a letter to Shanghai, China. Drop it in the post box on your corner. If it bears an airmail stamp it will wing its way across almost three thousand miles of this continent and practically nine thousand miles of blue Pacific Ocean to arrive within ten days—less time than it took to send a letter from Boston to Baltimore in the early days of this bank!

The Colonial postal service under the Crown reached its peak of efficiency under that itinerant Bostonian, Royal Postmaster General, Benjamin Franklin. But at best it was an informal affair. It was not uncommon for a team of horses or a yoke of oxen to be entrusted to the mounted postman for delivery along the route. The communications he earned and the disrupting of his schedule were matters of his own private concern.

Daily presentation of mail to the post office at Boston's South Post Office is the one Postal Post Building.

A carved and gilded figure of Minerva with mounted wings, appearing on the seal, and in fact once before the post office in 1775. It is now in the Colonial Chamber of the Old State House, the property of the National Society.

In 1775 the Continental Congress, buried without honor the Crown's service and established a line of posts from Falmouth, Maine, to Savannah, Georgia. Franklin remained as Postmaster General. Down through the years Boston has seen this vital service speeded up its present-day efficiency. From a few saddlebags of mail in 1775, Boston's 7,000 postal employees now handle over 3,400,000 pieces of mail other than parcel post every twenty-four hours. And whereas they might not undertake the delivery of a yoke of oxen, it is a matter of record that last year these capable public servants handled over 57,281 tons of parcel post.

This bank commends the continued efficiency of a service so indispensable to Boston.

The FIRST NATIONAL BANK of BOSTON

Member of Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

New England's Oldest and Largest Banking Institution

Summerfield's Super-Saver

50¢ WEEKLY

22 PIECES
Of Fine, Heavy Gauge ALUMINUM WARE
Made by the Makers of "MIRRO"

THREE 16 UTENSILS AND 6 COVERS

1" and 2" Frying Pan
7 lb. Oval Roaster
10 lb. Tea Kettle
1, 1½, and 2 Qt. Sauce Pan Set
1½ Qt. Double Boiler

1 Qt. Strainer and Colander
Square Layer Cake Pan
Deep Pie Plate
3, 4 and 4 Qt. Covered Sauce Pot Set

MAIL THIS COUPON OR PHONE IF YOU CAN'T COME IN

SUMMERFIELD'S
727 Washington St., Boston
Telephone MAN. 8103

Enclosed find \$1.00 deposit for the 22-piece Aluminum Set for \$9.95. I agree to pay 50¢ weekly.

Name _____
Address _____

Summerfield's
787 Washington St.—BOSTON—Cor. Stuart Street

Other Summerfield Stores in Lawrence, Salem, Somerville, Manchester, N. H.

OPEN MONDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY 'TIL 9 P. M.

JEAN'S REAL LOVES



TOO YOUNG—Jean Harlow, then using her real name, Harlean Carpenter, was only 16 when she eloped with young Charles F. McGrew, who is shown with her here in a picture for which they posed just after their wedding in 1927. A boy and girl love match, it didn't last. They were divorced in 1930.



TOO OLD—Jean Harlow's second husband, Paul Bern, was older than she in experience and in years. Close friends believed his suicide resulted from his belief that he had wronged his platinum-haired young bride by linking their dissimilar lives and backgrounds. Here they are shown at a Hollywood premier, she fresh and youthful, he very much the blasé cosmopolite.



TOO "CRUEL"—"Cruelty" was the divorce charge brought by Jean Harlow against Camera-man Hal Rosson, less than seven months after they posed for this picture. But the cruelty was fate's, not Rosson's, said Hollywood. Paul Bern's lovely young widow wasn't ready yet for happiness with any new husband.



SCREEN'S LOSS—This is the Jean Harlow who, triumphant over sorrow and misfortune, was on her way to new heights of screen fame, when death put so untimely an end to her career. This picture shows her as she looked in her last leading role, that which she was playing in MGM's "Saratoga." Although the production had been nearly completed, it will be entirely remade, with a new heroine, the studio management announced today. Work on all M-G-M pictures was suspended when Miss Harlow's death was reported. All Hollywood joined today in mourning her and in paying high tribute to her sunny personality.

JEAN'S FILM LOVES



MR. RIGHT—William Powell, who would have been Jean Harlow's fourth husband, had she lived, will always remember her loveliness in scenes like this. From "Libelled Lady."

MR. WRONG—Robert Taylor, idol of millions of American girls and women, was just one more leading man, to Jean Harlow, to whom he is serving tea in this scene from a recent picture.



GOOD FRIEND—Clark Gable was one of Jean Harlow's staunchest friends. He admired her character and her courage, and, like most other men, was not unmindful of her compelling beauty. Here you see Gable and Miss Harlow as they appeared in "Saratoga," the picture in which Jean was working when stricken.

Ann Marsters Won Last Interview Jean Harlow Gave to Any Reporter

CLARK GABLE JOINED TALK

Ann Marsters, of the Boston Evening American, was the last writer to interview Jean Harlow.

Ann brought the glittering Jean and the handsome Clark Gable together on the set where "Barbarage" was being filmed at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

Out of the crisp conversation and good-natured banter of the famous pair of screen stars, she produced a story as radiant as Jean herself.

It was published in last Sunday's Boston Sunday Advertiser, the fifth in a new series about "Ann Marsters" in Hollywood.

At the time of this interview, Jean was far from well, but was going on with her work regardless. A few days later she had to quit the studio.

Now she is dead.

BIRTH OF A VOICE

But the Jean Harlow movie fans knew still lived in the memory of those visible pictures in which she appeared on the silver screen, and the Jean Harlow that Ann Marsters saw and understood endured quite as radiantly in that final interview.

Clad in a beaded gown which, as Miss Marsters wrote, "seemed to ooze out hardly little dark silver," Jean sat down with Clark and Ann and Harlow talked to the days of "Heidi's Angel."

"That was the birth of the vogue for platinum hair," Jean Harlow, but Miss Harlow herself, in Ann's presence, agreed with Clark that the movie that followed were months of doubt and uncertainty.

Before that she had little to lose, everything to win. Afterwards she had everything to lose. She was facing the supreme test.

She told Ann she went into production of "The Secret Six" hoping desperately to make good. "I played the part of a gangster's moll. And it was on this set she first met Clark."

BELIEVED IN JEAN

Ann continued she watched Wallace Beery rather than Clark, trying to learn all she could.

"We were both wandering around in a fog," said Clark to Ann. "I didn't know what was ahead of me—but I had a feeling that Jean would make good."

My first impression of Jean was of a girl with an glittering kind of beauty, she has what I call a radiant quality—though she was always standing in the sunlight.

Many a girl would faint to hear Clark Gable say that about them, but Ann heard Jean laugh it off.

"Can it be that you're confusing me with my dream?" said Ann.

Miss Marsters described Jean's hair as "full of light" and her skin as of "gardenia fairness," and she did not think Clark's description of the star was exaggerated, but she wrote:

"But Harlow makes no attempt to have a glittering personality. And all she on the screen has nothing to do with Jean Harlow as a person."

"She is, actually, the 'good'



Allure was Jean Harlow's chief stock in trade. She made this exceptional pose to illustrate a scene from one of her film successes. Now, wherever moving pictures are known—everywhere—

poor type of girl, and she speaks in a matter-of-fact, down-to-earth fashion.

"When she talks about herself, she has a detached expression on her face, as though she were discussing the latest in trigonometry."

Ann found Jean and Clark the best of friends, besides being a romantic team in story.

SUE FRANKS GABLE

"Clark is a splendid friend for anyone to have; he seems to make your troubles, his troubles, and your triumphs, his triumphs," said Jean.

"It seems to be able to turn dark clouds into bright ones quicker than anyone I've ever known. When we work together, it always improves my disposition about 50 per cent."

And on in that last interview, Jean who was to die so soon harrowed Clark to such success as "China Seas," "Hold Your Man," and "Wife's Secretary," in which she appeared with Clark, and to the films in which she appeared with the other leading heroes of the screen.

And thus chatting, joking, laughing, praising, she made her final exit.

BLONDE'S ALLURE REACHED ZENITH IN THIS POSE

Jean Harlow Estate Tops \$1,000,000; Rites For Star to Be Private



International News Pictures Service. Her platinum tresses have been brushed for the last time and her body rests now in a \$5000 casket.

DEATH BARES BRIDAL PLANS

Continued from First Page

able to fight the attack and return to work on the nearly finished picture, "Barbarage," in which she was being co-starred with Clark Gable, the actress' death was a blow to the picture.

"The world didn't understand my baby," sobbed Mrs. Jean Harlow. "Our friends knew she was not the type of person she portrayed on the screen."

"She had never said an unkind word about anyone. She was always cheerful, always looking for the best in everyone."

The cerebral attack and uremia poisoning, brain and kidney complications which caused death were brought on by an attack of influenza, doctors said.

A spectacular fight to save the actress was waged by a corps of specialists. They gave her two blood transfusions. They placed her in an oxygen tent.

She weakened steadily as the primary cause of her condition, which could be eliminated only by an operation, opened doors through her body.

DEATH COMES SMILING

Where is Aunt Jenny? she asked, regarding consciousness momentarily toward the end and noting the absence from the room of Mrs. Betty Chadey, an aunt. "I hope she didn't run out on me."

The smile with which Jean always happy, uttered the words was set in death a few minutes later.

From the hospital the body was borne to the nearby funeral home, where it was held for the last time. Jean's shining platinum hair was brushed for the last time. A simple frock of cheaply lovely lace was placed upon her and the body was laid in a tarnished copper casket.

Mrs. Harlow, the stepmother who was divorced from Jean's mother last year, took charge of funeral arrangements. Shaken by grief, she placed his arms around her former wife's body.

The death of Miss Harlow will cost Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer an estimated \$200,000. Although without a "bank of complete," "Barbarage" will be abandoned.

Everything photographed so far will be discarded," he announced.

Married three times and reportedly engaged to Powell when she died, she failed to hold for Jean the full measure of happiness that her beauty, wealth and friendly personality seemed to inspire.

"Everything photographed so far will be discarded," he announced.

Married three times and reportedly engaged to Powell when she died, she failed to hold for Jean the full measure of happiness that her beauty, wealth and friendly personality seemed to inspire.

At the age of 16 she became the bride of Charles F. McIntosh, a Chicago broker. She left a fashion show at Lake Forest, Ill., and slipped with him to Waukegan, Ill., where they were married September 1922.

LOVE AND TRAGEDY

Going to California, the film industry lured her and she soon obtained a small part in a picture. Then came "Heidi's Angel," the spectacular picture which plummeted her into the front rank.

Heard of the disagreement which led to her first divorce. Some time later, when Jean was 21, she fell in love with Paul Bern, the 42-year-old film producer. They were married on July 2, 1927.

He left a note: "Dearest Dear: Unfortunately this is the only way to make good the frightful wrong I have done you. To wipe out my deepest humiliation."

You understand last night was only a comedy. "PAUL." Heavens! Jean never had a chance to explain the cryptic note.

Some time later, September 18, 1929, Miss Harlow married Hal Roemer, scene cameraman. That marriage, too, failed to bring happiness. It ended in December, 1934, when she filed suit for divorce and obtained her decree.

Today the mother of the glimmering Kansas City girl who rose so suddenly and spectacularly to film head fame and fortune, was in a state of collapse so serious physicians said they were having difficulty rousing her from a condition of semi-coma.

Clark Gable, with whom Miss Harlow was making the picture "Barbarage," was broken by news of her death. He walked from the set where he had last seen her, saying:

"I can't go on now, Jean meant too much to all of us."

The death room scene was packed with pathos.

"Three doctors worked desperately over the star with an inhaler, trying to supply oxygen to the lungs, but her rapidly diminishing breaths were rapidly diminishing."

Clark Gable, with whom Miss Harlow was making the picture "Barbarage," was broken by news of her death. He walked from the set where he had last seen her, saying:

"I can't go on now, Jean meant too much to all of us."

JEAN HARLOW'S LIFE STORY -- By Ann Marsters Hollywood

Continued from First Page

scene in which she laughed and tilted her head and twinkled her eyes.

With all the lights flooded full upon her face, she looked very young and lovely. She had her arm around the neck of a fine looking race horse that persisted in tossing his head and almost knocking Jean over. Jean would laugh and pat his neck and repeat the scene.

When she came to her dressing room, where I was waiting for her, I remember that Gable had to lift her over the threshold step because her silver dress was so tight.

The first thing she said was: "This dress must weigh at least 50 pounds. I'm all tired out carrying it around."

Yes, Jean was very tired, but not only because of the weight of her brilliant, beaded gown, she was ill—far more ill than she, anyone else, realized.

On that day, three weeks before the world was shocked by the news of her death, Jean Harlow was in no condition to be working on a movie set.

Had been complaining for some time about pain, but she to the studio. She said, "You see, I want to hold up production. And the only complaint she made to me was that she felt tired—because of her dress."

Just tell it, she said, and see how heavy it is."

So I lifted a corner of the solid beading and discovered that all was not as it seemed. There was a harden for even a well girl to wear.

When Jean sat down, she drew a sigh of relief and rested her head back against the wall. It was clearly evident that she was drooping with weariness, and every bit of vitality seemed to be drained from her.

Perhaps it she had been at home or in a hospital under the care of a physician, she might have gained more resistance with which to fight her final illness; but that is too sad and useless a thing to dwell upon.

I am remembering how she looked that day and how her weariness was most apparent in her walk. Jean's walk was normally full of life and grace and buoyancy. But it had lost nearly all trace of those qualities.

Hollywood must be a deeply mournful place today for Jean Harlow was a very easy person to like and admire. She was so completely unaffected and real. And she would have been a gay happy girl if her life hadn't been so strangely dotted with tragedy.

But real happiness was always a well girl to wear.

When Jean sat down, she drew a sigh of relief and rested her head back against the wall. It was clearly evident that she was drooping with weariness, and every bit of vitality seemed to be drained from her.

Perhaps it she had been at home or in a hospital under the care of a physician, she might have gained more resistance with which to fight her final illness; but that is too sad and useless a thing to dwell upon.

I am remembering how she looked that day and how her weariness was most apparent in her walk. Jean's walk was normally full of life and grace and buoyancy. But it had lost nearly all trace of those qualities.

Hollywood must be a deeply mournful place today for Jean Harlow was a very easy person to like and admire. She was so completely unaffected and real. And she would have been a gay happy girl if her life hadn't been so strangely dotted with tragedy.

JEAN HARLOW'S LIFE STORY -- By Ann Marsters Hollywood

Continued from First Page

scene in which she laughed and tilted her head and twinkled her eyes.

With all the lights flooded full upon her face, she looked very young and lovely. She had her arm around the neck of a fine looking race horse that persisted in tossing his head and almost knocking Jean over. Jean would laugh and pat his neck and repeat the scene.

When she came to her dressing room, where I was waiting for her, I remember that Gable had to lift her over the threshold step because her silver dress was so tight.

The first thing she said was: "This dress must weigh at least 50 pounds. I'm all tired out carrying it around."

Yes, Jean was very tired, but not only because of the weight of her brilliant, beaded gown, she was ill—far more ill than she, anyone else, realized.

On that day, three weeks before the world was shocked by the news of her death, Jean Harlow was in no condition to be working on a movie set.

Had been complaining for some time about pain, but she to the studio. She said, "You see, I want to hold up production. And the only complaint she made to me was that she felt tired—because of her dress."

Just tell it, she said, and see how heavy it is."

So I lifted a corner of the solid beading and discovered that all was not as it seemed. There was a harden for even a well girl to wear.

When Jean sat down, she drew a sigh of relief and rested her head back against the wall. It was clearly evident that she was drooping with weariness, and every bit of vitality seemed to be drained from her.

Perhaps it she had been at home or in a hospital under the care of a physician, she might have gained more resistance with which to fight her final illness; but that is too sad and useless a thing to dwell upon.

I am remembering how she looked that day and how her weariness was most apparent in her walk. Jean's walk was normally full of life and grace and buoyancy. But it had lost nearly all trace of those qualities.

Hollywood must be a deeply mournful place today for Jean Harlow was a very easy person to like and admire. She was so completely unaffected and real. And she would have been a gay happy girl if her life hadn't been so strangely dotted with tragedy.

But real happiness was always a well girl to wear.

When Jean sat down, she drew a sigh of relief and rested her head back against the wall. It was clearly evident that she was drooping with weariness, and every bit of vitality seemed to be drained from her.

Perhaps it she had been at home or in a hospital under the care of a physician, she might have gained more resistance with which to fight her final illness; but that is too sad and useless a thing to dwell upon.

I am remembering how she looked that day and how her weariness was most apparent in her walk. Jean's walk was normally full of life and grace and buoyancy. But it had lost nearly all trace of those qualities.

Hollywood must be a deeply mournful place today for Jean Harlow was a very easy person to like and admire. She was so completely unaffected and real. And she would have been a gay happy girl if her life hadn't been so strangely dotted with tragedy.

JEAN HARLOW'S LIFE STORY -- By Ann Marsters Hollywood

Continued from First Page

scene in which she laughed and tilted her head and twinkled her eyes.

With all the lights flooded full upon her face, she looked very young and lovely. She had her arm around the neck of a fine looking race horse that persisted in tossing his head and almost knocking Jean over. Jean would laugh and pat his neck and repeat the scene.

When she came to her dressing room, where I was waiting for her, I remember that Gable had to lift her over the threshold step because her silver dress was so tight.

The first thing she said was: "This dress must weigh at least 50 pounds. I'm all tired out carrying it around."

Yes, Jean was very tired, but not only because of the weight of her brilliant, beaded gown, she was ill—far more ill than she, anyone else, realized.

On that day, three weeks before the world was shocked by the news of her death, Jean Harlow was in no condition to be working on a movie set.

Had been complaining for some time about pain, but she to the studio. She said, "You see, I want to hold up production. And the only complaint she made to me was that she felt tired—because of her dress."

Just tell it, she said, and see how heavy it is."

So I lifted a corner of the solid beading and discovered that all was not as it seemed. There was a harden for even a well girl to wear.

When Jean sat down, she drew a sigh of relief and rested her head back against the wall. It was clearly evident that she was drooping with weariness, and every bit of vitality seemed to be drained from her.

Perhaps it she had been at home or in a hospital under the care of a physician, she might have gained more resistance with which to fight her final illness; but that is too sad and useless a thing to dwell upon.

I am remembering how she looked that day and how her weariness was most apparent in her walk. Jean's walk was normally full of life and grace and buoyancy. But it had lost nearly all trace of those qualities.

Hollywood must be a deeply mournful place today for Jean Harlow was a very easy person to like and admire. She was so completely unaffected and real. And she would have been a gay happy girl if her life hadn't been so strangely dotted with tragedy.

But real happiness was always a well girl to wear.

When Jean sat down, she drew a sigh of relief and rested her head back against the wall. It was clearly evident that she was drooping with weariness, and every bit of vitality seemed to be drained from her.

Perhaps it she had been at home or in a hospital under the care of a physician, she might have gained more resistance with which to fight her final illness; but that is too sad and useless a thing to dwell upon.

I am remembering how she looked that day and how her weariness was most apparent in her walk. Jean's walk was normally full of life and grace and buoyancy. But it had lost nearly all trace of those qualities.

Hollywood must be a deeply mournful place today for Jean Harlow was a very easy person to like and admire. She was so completely unaffected and real. And she would have been a gay happy girl if her life hadn't been so strangely dotted with tragedy.

JEAN HARLOW'S LIFE STORY -- By Ann Marsters Hollywood

Continued from First Page

scene in which she laughed and tilted her head and twinkled her eyes.

With all the lights flooded full upon her face, she looked very young and lovely. She had her arm around the neck of a fine looking race horse that persisted in tossing his head and almost knocking Jean over. Jean would laugh and pat his neck and repeat the scene.

When she came to her dressing room, where I was waiting for her, I remember that Gable had to lift her over the threshold step because her silver dress was so tight.

The first thing she said was: "This dress must weigh at least 50 pounds. I'm all tired out carrying it around."

Yes, Jean was very tired, but not only because of the weight of her brilliant, beaded gown, she was ill—far more ill than she, anyone else, realized.

On that day, three weeks before the world was shocked by the news of her death, Jean Harlow was in no condition to be working on a movie set.

Had been complaining for some time about pain, but she to the studio. She said, "You see, I want to hold up production. And the only complaint she made to me was that she felt tired—because of her dress."

Just tell it, she said, and see how heavy it is."

So I lifted a corner of the solid beading and discovered that all was not as it seemed. There was a harden for even a well girl to wear.

When Jean sat down, she drew a sigh of relief and rested her head back against the wall. It was clearly evident that she was drooping with weariness, and every bit of vitality seemed to be drained from her.

Perhaps it she had been at home or in a hospital under the care of a physician, she might have gained more resistance with which to fight her final illness; but that is too sad and useless a thing to dwell upon.

I am remembering how she looked that day and how her weariness was most apparent in her walk. Jean's walk was normally full of life and grace and buoyancy. But it had lost nearly all trace of those qualities.

Hollywood must be a deeply mournful place today for Jean Harlow was a very easy person to like and admire. She was so completely unaffected and real. And she would have been a gay happy girl if her life hadn't been so strangely dotted with tragedy.

But real happiness was always a well girl to wear.

When Jean sat down, she drew a sigh of relief and rested her head back against the wall. It was clearly evident that she was drooping with weariness, and every bit of vitality seemed to be drained from her.

Perhaps it she had been at home or in a hospital under the care of a physician, she might have gained more resistance with which to fight her final illness; but that is too sad and useless a thing to dwell upon.

I am remembering how she looked that day and how her weariness was most apparent in her walk. Jean's walk was normally full of life and grace and buoyancy. But it had lost nearly all trace of those qualities.

Hollywood must be a deeply mournful place today for Jean Harlow was a very easy person to like and admire. She was so completely unaffected and real. And she would have been a gay happy girl if her life hadn't been so strangely dotted with tragedy.

JEAN HARLOW'S LIFE STORY -- By Ann Marsters Hollywood

Continued from First Page

scene in which she laughed and tilted her head and twinkled her eyes.

With all the lights flooded full upon her face, she looked very young and lovely. She had her arm around the neck of a fine looking race horse that persisted in tossing his head and almost knocking Jean over. Jean would laugh and pat his neck and repeat the scene.

When she came to her dressing room, where I was waiting for her, I remember that Gable had to lift her over the threshold step because her silver dress was so tight.

The first thing she said was: "This dress must weigh at least 50 pounds. I'm all tired out carrying it around."

Yes, Jean was very tired, but not only because of the weight of her brilliant, beaded gown, she was ill—far more ill than she, anyone else, realized.

On that day, three weeks before the world was shocked by the news of her death, Jean Harlow was in no condition to be working on a movie set.

Had been complaining for some time about pain, but she to the studio. She said, "You see, I want to hold up production. And the only complaint she made to me was that she felt tired—because of her dress."

Just tell it, she said, and see how heavy it is."

So I lifted a corner of the solid beading and discovered that all was not as it seemed. There was a harden for even a well girl to wear.

When Jean sat down, she drew a sigh of relief and rested her head back against the wall. It was clearly evident that she was drooping with weariness, and every bit of vitality seemed to be drained from her.

Perhaps it she had been at home or in a hospital under the care of a physician, she might have gained more resistance with which to fight her final illness; but that is too sad and useless a thing to dwell upon.

I am remembering how she looked that day and how her weariness was most apparent in her walk. Jean's walk was normally full of life and grace and buoyancy. But it had lost nearly all trace of those qualities.

Hollywood must be a deeply mournful place today for Jean Harlow was a very easy person to like and admire. She was so completely unaffected and real. And she would have been a gay happy girl if her life hadn't been so strangely dotted with tragedy.

But real happiness was always a well girl to wear.

When Jean sat down, she drew a sigh of relief and rested her head back against the wall. It was clearly evident that she was drooping with weariness, and every bit of vitality seemed to be drained from her.

Perhaps it she had been at home or in a hospital under the care of a physician, she might have gained more resistance with which to fight her final illness; but that is too sad and useless a thing to dwell upon.

I am remembering how she looked that day and how her weariness was most apparent in her walk. Jean's walk was normally full of life and grace and buoyancy. But it had lost nearly all trace of those qualities.

Hollywood must be a deeply mournful place today for Jean Harlow was a very easy person to like and admire. She was so completely unaffected and real. And she would have been a gay happy girl if her life hadn't been so strangely dotted with tragedy.

YOUR GUIDE TO GOOD LIQUORS

"You'll favor its mellow flavor"

says the
OLD TOWN TAVERN
KEEPER

National Distillers Corporation
Products Corporation
New York, N. Y.

Ak for
Town Tavern
by name of your
package store
or bar.

TOWN TAVERN

STRAIGHT RYE WHISKY

Death Premonition Came to Jean May 29

Los Angeles, June 8 (AP)—The body of Jean Harlow, clad in white, lay in a bronze coffin today as a close associate called that the blond film star voiced a premonition of death when she was stricken ill on May 29.

The strange fear of the actress, who amassed an estimated \$1,000,000 in seven years, was a complete surprise, as described by Violet Denon, a friend and makeup artist for Miss Harlow.

"Jean looked at me strangely one morning—the same day she was taken ill," said Miss Denon.

"You know, Violet," she told me, "I have been feeling I'm going away from here and never come back."

WORK POWERS KING

Even when she was a 20-year-old girl, Jean had a huge star shining right in the finger of her right hand. It was a gift from William Powell.

In death her hair was not the platinum she made famous. It was what she had described as a "mousy blonde." The natural color before she entered the movie.

Miss Harlow was wearing the

Ex-Husbands Grieved at Death

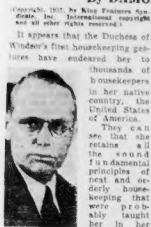
Hollywood, June 8 (EN)—The three ex-husbands of Jean Harlow were shocked today by the appalling news of the actress' death. They are Charles McCreary, with whom she eloped when she was 18 years of age, and her second husband, Hal Roemer, scene cameraman. She divorced both of them.

Roemer, who was "shoots" a picture when he heard of the girl's death, immediately dropped the work and left the set. He climbed into his car and drove away alone. Before leaving, however, he said:

"I am very sorry of every

THE BRIGHTER SIDE

By DAMON RUNYON



Damon Runyon

There is a brighter side to the life of the Duchess of Windsor. Her first housekeeping experiences have endeared her to the thousands of housekeepers in her native country, the United States.

They can see that the Duchess is a housekeeper. The press dispatches relate that as soon as the Duchess stepped into her honeymoon home, an ancient edifice known as the Wassensberg castle in the Bohemian mountains of southern Austria, she put on a house dress, and started sending all the old dust-gathering knickknacks with which the building was littered in the attic.

Among other things that she sent to be stored away, were her horse, elephant tusk, a hippopotamus head, and some stuffed pheasants.

When this announcement was read about last evening at an informal assemblage of American housekeepers in a New York restaurant, the cheers were so loud and shrill that the cop on the beat outside hastily summoned the reserves. There were distinct cries of "Long live the Duchess of Windsor!"

SCHOOL FOR DUCHESS
Some of the ladies present were in favor of sending the duchess an engraved scroll thanking her in the name of the housekeepers of the great nation, and at the same time asking her what she did about any stuffed fish that she encountered, especially snailfish, tarpon, or swordfish.

There was no mention of stuffed fish in the press dispatches from Austria, but the American housekeepers are pretty sure there must have been some around the premises, if only stuffed ones.

The American housekeepers say that where you find deer horns, and stuffed pheasants, you are almost certain to find stuffed fish, and probably rugs made of the skins of deceased animals, with the hairy side up—where the dust and the moths can get at it more readily.

One lady thought the duchess should also be interrogated as to her disposition of Navajo blankets and Spanish shawls used as sofa, or wall drapes. Of college pennants, fancy pillows, souvenir dolls, framed diplomas, jewelry cups, and old photographs.

However, the meeting felt that this might be premature. The duchess may not have had time to get around to these articles as yet.

LEFT PORTRAITS UP
The dispatches said that the duchess, for the moment at least, left on the walls of the castle certain portraits of members of the family of the original occupants. The American housekeepers seemed to understand this. They said that you must never approach a family portrait hurriedly, at least not with the idea of attacking it.

One lady said it took her five years to get the chrono of her husband's parents out of sight without him noticing it. Of course the portraits on the walls of Wassensberg castle are not members of the families of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, but the American housekeepers say the principle is the same.

A lady from Jamaica, Long Island, argued that the duchess did not have to possess courage of a high order in her assault upon the bric-a-brac of the castle, because it did not belong to the duke, and did not remind him of anything.

"Just wait until they are in their own home, and she tries to put away that handsome framed illuminated address he received from the Chamber of Commerce of Manchester, or some place, and she will find out what's what," said the lady.

"Then we will learn if the duchess has any real force of character."

The other ladies agreed that the argument had some merit. But one of them seemed to express the sentiment of the entire gathering when she said that if the Duchess of Windsor never away the hippopotamus head, she would be in high rank.

DAMON REMEMBERS
This reminds us that we have not seen one of our most charming columnists around the house lately. This is a basket made of an armadillo skin, last we acquired at a give-away price down in Texas some years ago.

An armadillo is a creature with a husslelike armor plate and the result is a basket of highly decorative effect.

We must ask our housekeeper about our armadillo basket again. The last time we asked, our housekeeper said she did not know just what had become of it, but perhaps it had walked off of its own accord.

We have been corresponding with experts in the state of Texas, and they assure us that armadillos do not walk off of their own accord after they are made into baskets.

U. S. MORTALITY AT NEW PEAK

Washington, June 8 (AP)—The Census Bureau said today the 1936 death rate in the United States was 14.6 per 1,000 population—the highest since 1926. The 1935 rate was 10.9.

Deaths last year totalled 1,474,177, the bureau said, an increase of 14,425 over the previous year.

Although no explanation of the increase would be available until census statistics are studied further, the bureau reported the last wave last July and an increase in respiratory deaths early last year probably were the principal factors.

African had the highest rate—15.5. Massachusetts' rate was 11.6.

2 MOTHERS KEEP VIGIL FOR LOST SONS

Two Cambridge mothers kept a weary vigil today for their missing sons.

After maintaining a brave front for two days in front of her other three children, Mrs. Agnes Malvey collapsed at her Sacramento place as no clue to the disappearance of 10-year-old John Malvey was discovered.

Mrs. George Blakes of Howard street sought police aid in locating her 12-year-old son, Chester Leroy Blaker, who vanished yesterday afternoon.

She first learned of her son's disappearance when a transient officer called at the home to learn why Chester was not at his fifth grade class in Roberts School yesterday afternoon.

He has not been heard from since, but a friend reported the boy as saying he was going to Revere beach.

Juror Faints as Death Case Opens

Brightfield, June 8 (AP)—A juror fainted in superior court today as the government outlined its charges against George E. Parks, 45, of Durham, Conn., on trial for slaying a 10-year-old woman.

District Attorney Thomas F. McCarthy said the government would attempt to show that Parks called at the New Marlboro home of Mrs. Parks.

NANTASKET BEACH
Frequent Steamer Service From Rows Wharf

NANTASKET-BOSTON STEAMBOAT CO. HULLING 1000

Anna Leahy April 24, 1936, and attacked her while her husband was away. When she struggled, Murphy said, Parks hit her with a piece of stone wood and beat her with his fists, causing death.

People who read American-Advertiser Want Ads find it easy to keep abreast of real values. See what is being offered in the Want Ads TODAY!

WHAT IS SO RARE AS FRESH STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM

—made the way JERSEY makes it! Native, red-ripe strawberries... crushed in cream, flavored and whitened and frozen. Try it!

JERSEY ICE CREAM
NEW ENGLAND'S STANDARD

What's this picture doing in a gasoline ad?



Watertown Tax \$35

The Watertown tax rate was set at \$35 today, an increase of \$1.60 over last year.

SPECIAL WAVE

Exclusive with Princess Pat



Reg. 15-50 Ionic Oil PERMANENTS

Beautiful Ringlets!

NOW \$1.89 Complete

Princess Pat

PERMANENT WAVE SYSTEM 170 TREMONT ST., 2ND FLOOR BOSTON

ROOM 430-TEL. 22V. 6051

SHOPPERS searching for bigger values! Buyers looking for a greater dollar's worth! What's this got to do with gasoline buying?

It's got a lot to do with it! Plenty to do with it! Why? Because these shoppers are looking for greater values! And you ought to apply the same thinking to gasoline. You buy gasoline more frequently than other purchases. It is an important item in your family's budget. You owe it to yourself to go where values are!

American Gas has always been the best regular gasoline buy. But now we have created an even bigger buy! A new gas of greater value!

Science has recently found a way to give you a new value in regular gasoline. Value not possible before—because

the facilities did not exist to make it. New processes were perfected... patented. New additions made to what was already the world's greatest refining unit.

We doubled our capacity... Improved the gas. We are now able to build-in—refine-in—extra values that mean a lot to you and your car.

The new gas is ready—NOW! And because of its extra built-in values we call it New Value American Gas. It means New Value for you—greater value for your gasoline dollar...

greater value from the money already invested in your automobile. It is known as a "sweet" gas—meaning it's pure, free from undesirable odors—and no added chemicals. You'll say it gives "sweet" performance, too, in your car.

Buy your gas on VALUE—and you will buy the New Value American Gas!



American Oil Company

From Maine to Florida—At "The Sign of Greater Values"



SMOKE UP... AND WAVE

Save \$1.8 this year and smoke Wings. 15¢ quality tobacco, but no fancy wrapping or expensive ballhoo.

WINGS
Capitol

NO INCREASE IN PRICE

10¢

TROOPS SOUGHT IN STEEL FIRM REOPENING

Re Associated Press
The Republic Steel Corporation suffered no damage of striking workers today with an announced 10 percent increase. Much plant will resume production. Many Irons A. K. A. and the others of Moore were really closed after the closing of the National Republic and the others of Moore were really closed after the closing of the National Republic and the others of Moore were really closed after the closing of the National Republic.

Scotland Yard Men Baffled



DIANA BATTYE

No Trace of Beauty Believed Kidnaped

London June 8—Scotland Yard today had divided their forces between two types of activity in the United Kingdom. One was the search for any beauty, Diana Blatty, that the force devoted to the search was patiently watching all the world's sailors, piers and airports throughout the British Isles. Scotland of the threat that she may have been kidnapped while the

RESERVES DECISION

News of the disappearance of Lora broke when Viscountess Louisa, at whose Mayfair home "Didi" was as she is known to her intimates, was called to the attention of her disappearance. She vanished on the night of June 1.

Yard detectives are concerned principally with the identity of the person or persons who have been writing anonymous typed notes to Michael Asquith, fiancee of the girl.

A request by union leaders in Cleveland, Indiana, to Calumet district for presidential intervention in the steel strike was relayed to Secretary Perkins and the National Labor Relations board. The board's non formal action has been frustrated and hence it had no reason to initiate proceedings. The American National Labor Relations board in Cleveland, Ohio had interfered with union food distributed for non-union in steel plants) drew attention to the same.

And Viscountess Long. They believe these letter were indited by the same person who wrote the razor with which "Didi" was slashed across the forehead on May 12, coronation day.

The ashington took place in the street not far from the residence of Viscountess Long.

Aquith, son of the Hon Herbert Aquith, son of the Hon Aquith, recently received an ominous warning to "take better care of 'Didi' or she would be removed."

THE WASHINGTON POST

Granter Bailey (D.), North Carolina member of the postoffice grand jury, declared he would vote for the investigation.

Judge Ralph A. Liddy, constituting a one-man grand jury, said he would not vote for an effort to set charges against a man of a disturbance near the Ford Motor Company plant at Detroit.

A walk-out of 10,000 auto workers in Mexico City on orders of

Find Roxbury Man Dead, Gun on Floor

Lewis E. Morton, 75, a retired teacher, was found dead at his home on Mt. Pleasant terrace, Roxbury, today. A revolver was under his arm and the body

4 BANKS TO PAY LAST DIVIDEND

[illegible]

Chums Help to Bury Boy Killed by Train

Classes in the eighth and ninth grades of St. Dominica School in Belmont were suspended for two hours today.

There was a vacant chair in the classroom. A little boy by the name of Joseph Smallcomb used to sit at there. He was 12 years old, lived in Siade street, Belmont, and was one of the smartest boys in the

St. Josephs Church in Common street.

David Coile and Paul Hackins Joseph Bonissimo and Daniel Collins Fred Eagan and William Green bay were the pallbearers who marched alongside a little white casket that the undertaker wheeled down the middle aisle.

Two other little boys were in

He always liked to watch the trains speed by, back of the Belmont station. He would watch them as they d-d go by, for him it was as if they were flying. The other boys the morning that there wouldn't be any c-cases for two days.

Buddy was killed Saturday by one of the trains he had loved to watch.

The eighth and ninth grades

BRITAIN OFFERS SAFETY PLAN

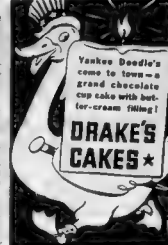
London, June 8 (AP)—Great Britain offered a three-point proposal today to induce Germany and France back into the nonintervention committee and to achieve a settlement of the Spanish civil war. The British offer, which was made apparent for the first time by a spokesman of the Foreign Office, was that Britain expected Germany to be willing to accept a settlement of the Spanish civil war on the basis of the nonintervention committee's recommendations. Britain also expected France to be willing to accept a settlement of the Spanish civil war on the basis of the nonintervention committee's recommendations. Britain also expected France to be willing to accept a settlement of the Spanish civil war on the basis of the nonintervention committee's recommendations.

Take Three Bodies From Maine Lake

Carlou, Me., June 8 (AP)—The bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose MacDougal of Woodland and Hjalmer Holstrom of Pertham who were drowned in Square Lake Sunday, today were recovered by state police and game wardens.

and Italy—to consider necessary action.

London June 4 (UPI)—Cassini heavy casualties among coalition forces against Iraqis today brought the loss of 11 men according to an estimate by the Iraqi press agency today here.



Under
29 flags..

Because they're milder...because they taste better... because they give smokers MORE PLEASURE... Chesterfields are satisfying millions of smokers, men and women, in all the four corners of the earth.

Often a cigarette wins popularity in a small part of the country... a few cigarettes become known all over the country.

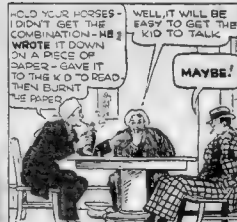
But you will find Chesterfields wherever cigarettes are sold in the United States and on board all the great ships of the world... under 29 flags and wherever they touch... and for good reasons.

*Chesterfields will give you
more pleasure.. They Satisfy*

THIMBLE THEATRE, Starring POPEYE



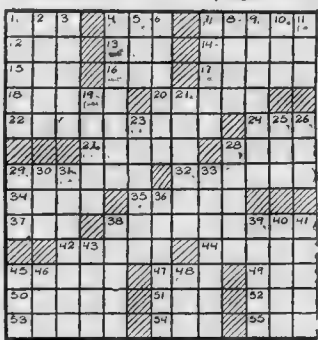
LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



POLLY AND HER PALS



CROSS-WORD PUZZLE -- By Eugene Sheffer



- HORIZONTAL**
- Domestic animal
 - Scottish cap
 - Prank
 - Beverage
 - Hasten
 - Growing out
 - Impost
 - Sink
 - Chief lama of Tibet
 - Public structure
 - Mumman
 - Reserve supply
 - Convert into leather
 - Prek's action
 - Hollow place in the earth
 - Who was the second wife of Henry VIII? Anne
 - Having an impressed design
 - On a great distance
 - Wynius
 - Atten
 - Who played the role of Mac-cuto in the motion picture "Romeo and Juliet"?
 - Roman urban official
 - Profound sleep
 - What is the second in size of the Great Lakes?
 - Ret in roulette
 - The will
 - Best the spirit of
 - Uthless
 - Cloze
 - Lease again
 - Discover at a distance
 - Metric measure of area
- VERTICAL**
- Supply food
 - Ward
 - In what state is the most important outlet for cotton grown in the U. S.?
 - Where did American troops win their initial success against the Germans in 1918? Chateau
 - He afflicted with pain
 - Who was secretary of the treasury under Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover?
 - Tire
 - Kingdom of Indo-China
 - Pertaining to the roof of the mouth
 - Greek letter
 - Portuguese coin
 - Masculine name
 - Who is considered the father of modern surgery?
 - One who wantonly destroys
 - Masculine nickname
 - Combining form: world
 - Sound made by sleep
 - Preposition
 - Pertaining to the side
 - What one records the 10-year wandering of a hero of the Trojan Wars?
 - Who was the son of Chaos?
 - What French psychologist developed, with Simon, a standard to measure intelligence?
 - Musical drama
 - Masculine name
 - Wear away
 - Love to excess
 - Possessive pronoun
 - Rubber tree
 - Vernacular slang

Hello There
BOYS AND GIRLS
TUNE IN TODAY
WMEX
5:45 P. M.
Hear Jolly
"UNCLE NEWT"
The Boston Evening American
Presents On the Air

FRIDAY'S ANSWERS
ACROSS
1. BOYS
2. GIRLS
3. TUNE
4. IN
5. TODAY
6. WMEX
7. 5:45
8. P. M.
9. HEAR
10. JOLLY
11. "UNCLE NEWT"
12. THE BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN
13. PRESENTS
14. ON THE AIR
DOWN
1. BOYS
2. GIRLS
3. TUNE
4. IN
5. TODAY
6. WMEX
7. 5:45
8. P. M.
9. HEAR
10. JOLLY
11. "UNCLE NEWT"
12. THE BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN
13. PRESENTS
14. ON THE AIR

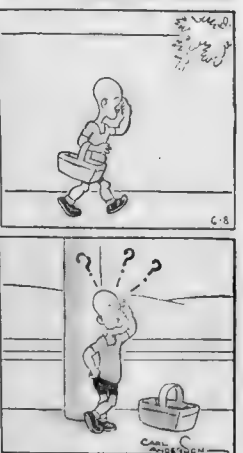
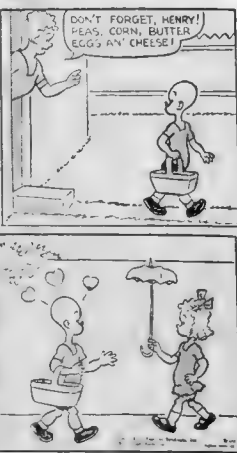
SKIPPY



BLONDIE



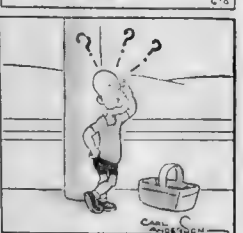
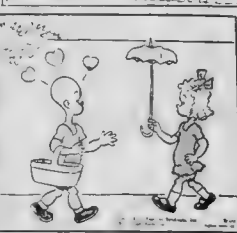
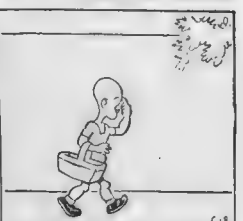
ROOM AND BOARD



Better Wait

HENRY

The Sight Was Too Much



By LEWIS HANEY
(Professor of Economics, New York University)

er Station WORL

AUTOMOBILES

MONEY DOWN
on any of these cars

ord Sedan	\$6.34
ord Sedan	\$7.07
ord Sedan	\$7.81
ord Phaeton	\$12.45
lymouth Sedan	\$19.26
ord Phaeton	\$19.26
hevrolet Sedan	\$19.25
ord Sedan	\$19.26

DOMESTIC

EDGE—PLYMOUTH

Baylston St. Open Till Mid

1	Chen, 4-Dr. Sedan	..	\$375
2	Ford Bu L. Coupe, H. S.	225	
3	Ford Conv. Sedan	..	445
4	Ford Coach		525

HARVARD AUTO CO
1000 MASS. AVE. CAMBRIDGE TR 0

CHEV. MAINT. D. L. SOD. ...
CHELSEA SQ. CHEV. INC.
Broadway, CHELSEA
on Daily—Sunday 7R 11 P

[illegible]

32 Chevrolet Coupe
 equipped, refinished thru-
 out, excellent tires; in fact it's

[illegible]

TRUCKS FROM \$15-430
33 NO. BEACON ST., BRIG

Automobiles Wanted

WANTED, with pay cash.
1. 1196 Comm. Ave., Lon. \$
used car wanted, any late
cash. Mr. Struuant, Som.
ED-35-21 Ford from

ELI—'21 OR '24 FORD MO
EAL, CALL ELI, 7861.

Automobile Painting
 Water-Based (MILIT. INQ.
 any color. Body, fenders,
 dressing, stripping, complete.
RIA AUTO PAINTERS
 412 W. 22nd Ave. Ste. 201A

Automobile Schools

Motorcycles and Bicycles

OFFICIAL BRAKE AND
LIGHT STATIONS
PAYMENT REMAINS ON

TON AMERICA
England's Greatest & Best
Newspaper"

NEW ENGLAND NEWS-
PAPER COMPANY

options by mail postpaid, \$1.50 per month; three months, \$4.50; six months, \$8.00; one year, \$14.00. Domestic rate \$1.00 per month. Domestic rate in the United States, Mexico, Cuba, Hawaii, Alaska, Canada, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands. Payable strictly in advance. Foreign countries, \$2.00 per month. **Subscription Information:**

... responsibility for typographic advertisements, but will pay for an advertisement in which no error occurs. Advertisers notify the management immediately when an error occurs.

When Associated Press is credited the use for reproduction is stated as credited to it or not used in this paper, and also published therein. All rights of special copyright by the Boston Evening Globe

SOVIET RUSSIA: Slums and Hypocrisy

THE continual misrepresentation of conditions in the Soviets by the Communists, both in and out of Russia, has been at last exposed—NOT by some "capitalist" enemy but by a friend.

Sir Walter Citrine, Secretary of the British Trades Union Congress and President of the International Federation of Trades Unions, in his book "I Search for Truth in Russia," discloses in the following the whole mechanism of Soviet lying:

"Just then our guide came hurrying along. 'I am just having a look at your housing conditions,' I remarked grimly.

"No, there is our housing over there, comrade," he replied suavely, pointing to the new buildings adjacent.

"I told you I wanted to see the worst as well as the best, but you always take care I do not see the worst."

"You give people the idea that the new houses are typical. I have had to wrest from you particulars which you knew all the time. There is accommodation for only 30 per cent of your children in creches and another 30 per cent in kindergartens."

"Only a small proportion of your workers go free of charge to the rest homes. Your housing has fallen far behind the increase in population."

"You suppress statistics where it suits you, and it is impossible to find out, except by very careful examination, what the actual situation is."

"Yet you give the impression to delegations of visitors that your people live in conditions far superior to other countries."

Comment on this is superfluous.

Sir Walter Citrine, radical and avowed friend of the "Russian experiment," went to Russia to "search for the truth."

He found it—LYING, HYPOCRISY and SLUMS.

Jean Harlow

JEAN HARLOW is dead. Only twenty-six, at the peak of her amazing career, she leaves us.

For six, short years we knew her, admired her loveliness, enjoyed her beauty and heard them on the silver screen.

Millions of words were written about her, and the fashions she sponsored, about the "platinum" hair so widely copied.

The world claimed her, as it has so many other supremely beautiful women. Her life was "news," the public's, seldom really her own.

Fate so fashioned the chapters that they read not unlike a motion picture scenario. There were romance and comedy and tragedy there. Surely no human author could conceive a blow more cruel than the suicide of Paul Bern, her director husband.

Now it is over. The lights are out, the curtain down. And Jean answers the last call—Death's.

That, perhaps, is all she would have it. Beautiful was the girl we met but half a dozen years ago. Beautiful still she is that smiles and fades away.

A Wise, Timely Rebuke

MR. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT'S disapproval of the malicious "attack" against the DEFENSE OF AMERICA is a timely rebuke of the disloyal influence back of this unprincipled pledge.

A student who pledges himself against the defense of his country does an unwise thing, as Mrs. Roosevelt says.

"I think student oaths are unwise," Mrs. Roosevelt declares, "because no young person knows what

conditions may confront him in his lifetime. 'You may be practically pushed into an actual fight which you do not seek but which you are obliged to accept.'

It is entirely wholesome for American youth to support the principle of keeping America out of war.

But for a young man to say he will not fight for his country if it is invaded by American freedom and American lives are threatened, is to INVITE WAR.

No Stream-lined Purses

WE live in an age of marvels, not the least of which is the "stream-lined wheelbarrow."

Such a "vehicle" is being presented today to Chester W. Little of Amesbury, the 60th birthday occasions an unofficial municipal celebration with fire-bells ringing and the high school band playing.

Wheelbarrows do not break speed records, their "pilots" seldom seek them. But neither do kitchen stoves.

Making Motherhood Safe

THE Massachusetts Medical Society, following its 156th annual meeting in Boston, properly concerns itself with maternal mortality.

The seriousness of the problem is stressed by Dr. Joseph W. O'Connor, noted obstetrician of Worcester.

"In spite of what has been done and is now being attempted," he says, "our maternal death rate is far too high."

living room chairs and dining room tables. Yet all are "stream-lined."

Why? Don't ask. They're just "why." The only possible explanation is that people now demand more than simple utility. They demand beauty also.

It is a healthy trend. It is progress—and prosperity. For the more sleek wheelbarrows we buy the more fat pay envelopes we provide.

Let's "stream-line" everything—everything, save pocketbooks.

"There has been little improvement since 1900. IT IS INCREDIBLE THAT WE CAN STILL COMPLAINLY WITNESS THE DEATH OF ONE WOMAN IN EVERY 155 WHO HAVE CHILDREN."

Dr. O'Connor is right. There has been too much complacency. It is time that both public and private health authorities regard the deaths of young mothers as a NATIONAL DISGRACE.

New Work Day by Day

By O. O. McIntyre

New York, June 8.—To my notion the most sinister looking places in midtown are those several "night-flight" offices. A steady stream of men in business suits seem to be hurrying about the city in a sudden sweep of the police broom.

To the casual passer-by no one seems to enter or depart. A steady stream of men in business suits seem to be hurrying about the city in a sudden sweep of the police broom.

O. O. McIntyre, a narrow-eyed, thin man with a pointed nose, is a writer and a drinker. He is a writer and a drinker. He is a writer and a drinker.

All the while the crepuscular light of dusk. The managers are the ferret-footed glitzy-thanks an often identified with gangster films. And the girls are a dozen, mostly palamides, who about the floor dance with the few customers. Paid, indifferent, they seem to be interested mostly in the art of something.

In less sedate years Verne Porter and I used to take off in a suit and go to the dimly-lit dance halls once a year just for the hell of it. We liked to look upon such excursions as a record of the day's work.

It was a time when the girls were in the mood to be flattered. They were in the mood to be flattered. They were in the mood to be flattered.

Almost every person who has reached a certain age has some friend of former days who has vanished without trace—and no record of his death can be found.

My missing person is an artist, Clyde Van Meter. I met him with me on ill-fated 11 months ago. I met him with me on ill-fated 11 months ago.

New York. He was a handsome, lively fellow and something of a prizefighter. Dan Sayre Groban, the Chicago artist. At any rate, my missing person was a writer and a drinker.

There was a time when the proud and best ships that sailed the seas were AMERICAN ships.

Old Friends Re-United

Copyright, 1937, by American Newspaper, Inc.



It will be a renewal of a grand old partnership when Uncle Sam gets a modern Merchant Marine back on the high seas.

The plans of the new Maritime Commission for merchant fleets, adequate for peacetime commerce and ADEQUATE FOR DEFENSE, will restore the traditional prestige of the American Flag at sea.

There was a time when the proud and best ships that sailed the seas were AMERICAN ships.

Uncle Sam and King Neptune were once partners in carrying on the ocean commerce of the entire world.

America made the sad mistake of letting its merchant fleets fall into disrepair and disuse.

But Uncle Sam is going to CORRECT that mistake.

He is going to build new fleets of modern ships that men with American seamen sail again have a Merchant Marine SECOND TO NONE.

That's That

Now that love has conquered first in the case of the Duke of Windsor and Mrs. Wallis Warfield we are married, there is widespread speculation about the Duke who, while King was head of the church, for marrying a twice-divorced woman? What will happen to the poor man's revenues? Will the church hierarchy to conduct the wedding? Will he be thrown out or otherwise disciplined?

The ballroom kicked up by officials of the Church of England because the former king chose to make a divorce his wife is rather strange when one remembers that the church was organized to permit a royal divorce which the Pope refused to approve.

The reason Henry VIII formed the Church of England was to get a divorce from Catherine of Aragon so he could marry Anne Boleyn.

In considering this business of tax avoidance to which the President has called the attention of Congress, it is well to remember that lawmakers bodies are not blameless. Governments—Federal, State and local—have in the past evaded taxes by means of legal devices.

Prices will be high, starting at \$100 a barrel. The price of oil is expected to rise to \$1.50 a barrel by the end of the year.

Mr. John L. Lewis, head of the United Mine Workers, has been elected to the position of president of the American Federation of Labor.

Dear Mr. Lewis, I am glad to hear of your election. I hope you will continue to work for the betterment of the laboring man.

There has been little improvement since 1900. IT IS INCREDIBLE THAT WE CAN STILL COMPLAINLY WITNESS THE DEATH OF ONE WOMAN IN EVERY 155 WHO HAVE CHILDREN.

Dr. O'Connor is right. There has been too much complacency. It is time that both public and private health authorities regard the deaths of young mothers as a NATIONAL DISGRACE.

There was a time when the proud and best ships that sailed the seas were AMERICAN ships.

He that shovels meat, let him do it with cheerfulness.—Roman adage.

By Bruce Gustin

to budget in an unbalanced way. But that isn't all the trouble. Governmental extravagance figures in the unbalanced budget. The number of Federal employees has reached a new post-World War I high. The Federal payroll is now over \$1 billion.

The decision by Federal Judge John J. Connelley at Chicago that Al Capone must serve a one-year term in prison after the completion of his 10-year term at Alcatraz is widely approved. It is justified in some quarters as a warning to other racketeers.

The amount of tax-exempt bonds outstanding in this country runs into the billions of dollars. The deeper public agencies go into debt, the greater their demand for more revenue, the more wealth they create.

The argument is that by issuing tax-exempt bonds, government can borrow at lower interest rates. That is correct. But any borrowing encourages public extravagance and increases the tax burden on the great mass of people.

Undoubtedly, plans devised to enable a number of people with large incomes to avoid taxes have upset the Treasury's revenue calculations and helped to keep the Federal deficit at a high level.

The House Ways and Means Committee is considering extending the 1936 tax law for one more year. These "transition" measures are necessary to avoid a chaos of confusion.

Deep in all of us, there is a persistent craving for reform. This craving isn't wrong. It is as normal and necessary as our need of food and air.

Some of our politicians who are mentally and spiritually bankrupt are doing their best to keep the public from seeing the need for fundamental reform.

Some of our politicians who are mentally and spiritually bankrupt are doing their best to keep the public from seeing the need for fundamental reform.

Some of our politicians who are mentally and spiritually bankrupt are doing their best to keep the public from seeing the need for fundamental reform.

Some of our politicians who are mentally and spiritually bankrupt are doing their best to keep the public from seeing the need for fundamental reform.

How He Found Gold

The Human Side of the News

By Edwin C. Hill

The burro goes the way of the mountain sheep of the Rockies, the buffalo and the passenger pigeon. A new dispatch from Denver says the machine breed is rapidly becoming extinct.

A tomahawk, particularly old models with high ebonized handles, is being sold through a mail order business. The burro is said to make no less a couple of bucks.

My friend, Mr. Edwin C. Hill, who lives in Denver, has a story to tell of a burro he found in the mountains of Colorado. He was through a school of mining in London and he was out in the desert buying up mines and playing roulette.

He used to break the bank every once in a while, and they said he could work magic, making the ball drop into any pocket he wanted to, like those Hindus that do it with their hands.

THE PRINCE'S BELIEF "Well, I got quite tired with this game," he said. "I was a little bit homesick—and he told me that when you find a gold mine, you don't deal under the table or running a wild card, or anything like that. You would be set back and your spirit would go into an animal. He said that was why so many animals were like people."

To the desert, you get to see things and believing anything, and I couldn't get over the idea that if you had been dealing under the table or running a wild card, or anything like that, you would be set back and your spirit would go into an animal. He said that was why so many animals were like people."

THE PRINCE'S BELIEF "Well, I got quite tired with this game," he said. "I was a little bit homesick—and he told me that when you find a gold mine, you don't deal under the table or running a wild card, or anything like that. You would be set back and your spirit would go into an animal. He said that was why so many animals were like people."

THE PRINCE'S BELIEF "Well, I got quite tired with this game," he said. "I was a little bit homesick—and he told me that when you find a gold mine, you don't deal under the table or running a wild card, or anything like that. You would be set back and your spirit would go into an animal. He said that was why so many animals were like people."

THE PRINCE'S BELIEF "Well, I got quite tired with this game," he said. "I was a little bit homesick—and he told me that when you find a gold mine, you don't deal under the table or running a wild card, or anything like that. You would be set back and your spirit would go into an animal. He said that was why so many animals were like people."

THE PRINCE'S BELIEF "Well, I got quite tired with this game," he said. "I was a little bit homesick—and he told me that when you find a gold mine, you don't deal under the table or running a wild card, or anything like that. You would be set back and your spirit would go into an animal. He said that was why so many animals were like people."

THE PRINCE'S BELIEF "Well, I got quite tired with this game," he said. "I was a little bit homesick—and he told me that when you find a gold mine, you don't deal under the table or running a wild card, or anything like that. You would be set back and your spirit would go into an animal. He said that was why so many animals were like people."

THE PRINCE'S BELIEF "Well, I got quite tired with this game," he said. "I was a little bit homesick—and he told me that when you find a gold mine, you don't deal under the table or running a wild card, or anything like that. You would be set back and your spirit would go into an animal. He said that was why so many animals were like people."

THE PRINCE'S BELIEF "Well, I got quite tired with this game," he said. "I was a little bit homesick—and he told me that when you find a gold mine, you don't deal under the table or running a wild card, or anything like that. You would be set back and your spirit would go into an animal. He said that was why so many animals were like people."

THE PRINCE'S BELIEF "Well, I got quite tired with this game," he said. "I was a little bit homesick—and he told me that when you find a gold mine, you don't deal under the table or running a wild card, or anything like that. You would be set back and your spirit would go into an animal. He said that was why so many animals were like people."

THE PRINCE'S BELIEF "Well, I got quite tired with this game," he said. "I was a little bit homesick—and he told me that when you find a gold mine, you don't deal under the table or running a wild card, or anything like that. You would be set back and your spirit would go into an animal. He said that was why so many animals were like people."

THE PRINCE'S BELIEF "Well, I got quite tired with this game," he said. "I was a little bit homesick—and he told me that when you find a gold mine, you don't deal under the table or running a wild card, or anything like that. You would be set back and your spirit would go into an animal. He said that was why so many animals were like people."

THE PRINCE'S BELIEF "Well, I got quite tired with this game," he said. "I was a little bit homesick—and he told me that when you find a gold mine, you don't deal under the table or running a wild card, or anything like that. You would be set back and your spirit would go into an animal. He said that was why so many animals were like people."

THE PRINCE'S BELIEF "Well, I got quite tired with this game," he said. "I was a little bit homesick—and he told me that when you find a gold mine, you don't deal under the table or running a wild card, or anything like that. You would be set back and your spirit would go into an animal. He said that was why so many animals were like people."

THE PRINCE'S BELIEF "Well, I got quite tired with this game," he said. "I was a little bit homesick—and he told me that when you find a gold mine, you don't deal under the table or running a wild card, or anything like that. You would be set back and your spirit would go into an animal. He said that was why so many animals were like people."

THE PRINCE'S BELIEF "Well, I got quite tired with this game," he said. "I was a little bit homesick—and he told me that when you find a gold mine, you don't deal under the table or running a wild card, or anything like that. You would be set back and your spirit would go into an animal. He said that was why so many animals were like people."

THE PRINCE'S BELIEF "Well, I got quite tired with this game," he said. "I was a little bit homesick—and he told me that when you find a gold mine, you don't deal under the table or running a wild card, or anything like that. You would be set back and your spirit would go into an animal. He said that was why so many animals were like people."

THE PRINCE'S BELIEF "Well, I got quite tired with this game," he said. "I was a little bit homesick—and he told me that when you find a gold mine, you don't deal under the table or running a wild card, or anything like that. You would be set back and your spirit would go into an animal. He said that was why so many animals were like people."

THE PRINCE'S BELIEF "Well, I got quite tired with this game," he said. "I was a little bit homesick—and he told me that when you find a gold mine, you don't deal under the table or running a wild card, or anything like that. You would be set back and your spirit would go into an animal. He said that was why so many animals were like people."

THE PRINCE'S BELIEF "Well, I got quite tired with this game," he said. "I was a little bit homesick—and he told me that when you find a gold mine, you don't deal under the table or running a wild card, or anything like that. You would be set back and your spirit would go into an animal. He said that was why so many animals were like people."

THE PRINCE'S BELIEF "Well, I got quite tired with this game," he said. "I was a little bit homesick—and he told me that when you find a gold mine, you don't deal under the table or running a wild card, or anything like that. You would be set back and your spirit would go into an animal. He said that was why so many animals were like people."

THE PRINCE'S BELIEF "Well, I got quite tired with this game," he said. "I was a little bit homesick—and he told me that when you find a gold mine, you don't deal under the table or running a wild card, or anything like that. You would be set back and your spirit would go into an animal. He said that was why so many animals were like people."

THE PRINCE'S BELIEF "Well, I got quite tired with this game," he said. "I was a little bit homesick—and he told me that when you find a gold mine, you don't deal under the table or running a wild card, or anything like that. You would be set back and your spirit would go into an animal. He said that was why so many animals were like people."

THE PRINCE'S BELIEF "Well, I got quite tired with this game," he said. "I was a little bit homesick—and he told me that when you find a gold mine, you don't deal under the table or running a wild card, or anything like that. You would be set back and your spirit would go into an animal. He said that was why so many animals were like people."

Listen, World!

By Elsie Robinson

No trait in our ordinary human nature is responsible for so much trouble as the habit of CONCENTRATION. And this is the fact that we all know.

Popularly, I believe, we are supposed to be an expression of the result of "being in the state of mind."

The contrary, I believe, is the fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."

It is a fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."

It is a fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."

It is a fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."

It is a fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."

It is a fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."

It is a fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."

It is a fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."

It is a fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."

It is a fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."

It is a fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."

It is a fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."

It is a fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."

It is a fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."

It is a fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."

It is a fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."

It is a fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."

It is a fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."

It is a fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."

It is a fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."

It is a fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."

It is a fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."

It is a fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."

It is a fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."

It is a fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."

It is a fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."

It is a fact that we are all a little bit of a "being in the state of mind."